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THREE POEMS

WHEN I AM OLD

I still shall love the spring when I am old.
The whisper of April rain
Through grey-green days, upon my window-pane,
Shall speak as now of mornings bright and fine—
The days of gold,
When sticky buds, bursting with leafy wonder,
Turn every one into a gay cockade,
Worn tilted up or tilted under
Those twisty April branches, bare of shade.

Though every April night is a green frame
For lovers, they but fit the old design
Earth never has outworn;
And without envy I shall say,
Nodding my head, "It used to be the same
In my own day!"

TO A CHILD

Beauty, the dream that I have dreamed so much
Comes true in your quick smile,
And on your cheek I see her touch
And sometimes in your eyes awhile
Immortal Beauty's fleeting image lies.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Dear child, in whose veins beat
The marching centuries of lovers' feet,
All those brave, ardent ghosts in you arise—
The souls who, loving Beauty, gave you birth
With a chain of passion binding Beauty to earth,
A captured dream—these souls breathe with your breath,
Living again in Beauty that knows no death.

TO A POET

Strangely you say
The uttermost life has for you
In your own day
Blossoms and dies—there can ensue
No further power,
Longing, achievement, or unrest,
Beyond the hour
Earth takes your body to her breast.

So you devise
A diamond immortality,
And crystallize
Your soul in metric jewellery.
Well, let it shine,
Quaint relic of a past which lingers.
Children of mine
May touch it with warm, living fingers!

Marjorie Allen Seiffert